

Stare at the Ceiling by ObeyDontStray

Series: [Fic War entries 1 \[3\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things - Fandom

Genre: Blood, F/M, Rough Sex, Violence, affair fic

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Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Karen Wheeler

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Karen Wheeler

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Summary:

Karen has a intense affair with Jim when he returns home to Hawkins after Sarah's death.

Stare at the Ceiling

Author's Note:

Inspired by 'Tempest' by Deftones.

(Pre season one, after Jim's return to Hawkins when he started sleeping around.)

Her lips skimmed his jaw, down his throat to his chest where she placed several kisses, leaving purple bruises around his collarbones. She got off on marking him, he decided. Only they would know the marks would be there, hiding under his uniform. But they would know they are there all the same.

But when her hand slid around his manhood and she licked at the hollow of his throat, he let out a soft gasp. She laughed at his reaction, her smile small and devious.

She was nothing like all the other women he had been with.

This wasn't just sex. He had the distinct sense his soul was on the line too, as if she aimed to devour him completely.

It was understandable how her meek, weak willed husband wasn't enough for her. She needed the intensity, the ragged edges of his grief. He already raked himself over the coals, she was there just to lick up the hurt.

And here he lay bound to his own bed for the third time since the beginning of their little affair. Their arrangement. Her '6 o'clock aerobics class'.

His chaser for the bottle of whiskey he drank every Friday night.

Her little white teeth made marks across his chest. This wasn't just sex. This was something primal, almost evil.

Karen Wheeler had found herself a broken man and literally sunk her teeth into him.

Jim stared at the ceiling, counting pock marks as she straddled his hips, sliding ever so slowly around him. She hissed in pleasure as she started an achingly slow rhythm. "Look at me." She commanded and he did as he was told.

There was something about just letting go. Not thinking, just being used.

She rose and fell in his lap, honey colored hair falling in her face and tits on display for him. He reached for one, found himself restrained by the rope he had forgotten was there. Karen's body was still just as tight as it had been in high school, though he never touched her then. He was too loyal to Joyce to fuck her best friend.

If Joyce found out now...well he'd rather see rage than that same pitying look everyone else gave him.

"Stop thinking so much." Karen huffed as she squeezed her muscles around him, eliciting a moan from him. She leaned forward, slapped him across the face lightly before grasping his chin roughly and pulling him into a lingering kiss. She began moving again as they kissed and she bit his lower lip hard enough to bleed.

He could taste the copper in his mouth mixing with the taste of her. She was a soft, warm place to hide from his grief. And a firm hand when his mind drifted too far.

His growing moans pleased her and she raked her long fingernails down his arms. His broad chest and arms were now a mess of welts and hickeys, like she left him every Friday night.

He came first, filling the condom as she continued to use him. She pleased herself as she rode him, finally reaching her high and collapsing over him and left one last love bite in the center of his chest.

Ten minutes later she was getting dressed to leave. "I always have such fun with you, Hop." She smiled, her sweet housewife smile returning now that she's relieved her darker desires.

He lay back, patiently waiting for her to untie him. She always liked

dressing first, hoping to catch his eyes on her body as she dressed. His limbs were sore from being tied down spread-eagle for the two hours they had been at this.

When she freed him he sat up, rubbing at the raw places around his wrists. She caressed his face, lifted it to look at her. "Thanks, Hop." She smiled. He nodded, unwilling to use his voice again just yet. "Until next week?" She smiled and he nodded again in response.

Then she slipped outside his door so that they could now go back to pretending they barely knew each other for another week. Till next Friday when he'd become her plaything again.